

Turn It Up

Josh Thompson

That son of a boss can't boss us around no more
We're all clocked out and clocked back in to life
Let's take these measly paychecks we've been working for
And turn 'em into beer, hell, it's all downhill from here

Turn up the music, turn up the band
Turn up the cold one there in your hand
Turn up the feelgood, turn up the crazy
Turn a little lovin' loose on me, baby
Turn up the hell yeah, turn out the lights
Let all your problems go for tonight
Turn on the don't-give-a-you-know-what
And turn it up

Yeah, no time to waste, we'll own this place til closin' time
Have a few too many two-for-ones
Might be headed for a headache in the morning,, but we'll be fine
And tomorrow, we'll lift the fog with a little hair of the dog

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Yeah, turn it up